

# How Narcissa Became Un-Stuck

*by notsosaintly*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Courting Narcissa Black isn't a simple matter....

*Author's Note and Disclaimer: I apologise for nothing, especially for my imagination, which takes off every now and again with other authors' characters and creates stories of its own for pure entertainment value. My imagination is not awarded with profits measured in dollars, pounds or Euros but merely in satisfaction of a story hopefully well-told.*

I have recently become enamored with Narcissa. I blame a certain author with a split personality for planting the seed in my imagination (you know who you are). I have always been enamored with Lucius. I believe it is his attitude more than his looks which attract me, to be perfectly honest, which I'm afraid makes me a bit of a glutton for punishment. Not surprising, really, if you've read any of my other stories.

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"Don't sit like that, dear. It's very unbecoming for a lady."

Narcissa crossed her ankles beneath the hem of her robe obediently and asked her mother to pass the cream. Tea with mother was always a lesson in etiquette, for which Narcissa was forever grateful. Of all her mother's children, Narcissa was Druella Black's most favoured, and she was determined never to disappoint her mother as her older sister Andromeda had.

As had been ingrained in her over the years, her spoon didn't make a sound against the porcelain cup as she stirred the cream in gently. Sugar? Just a dash, for her mother had coached her extensively in ways of keeping her figure slim.

"I heard that Lucius Malfoy is showing interest in you this year," Druella Black stated approvingly.

Narcissa set her teacup in its saucer and folded her hands in her lap carefully before inclining her head in affirmation, awaiting her mother's indomitable opinion. Whether her mother approved or not, Narcissa wasn't sure she really minded. She hadn't made up her mind about Lucius, though his stature was alluringly regal and his manners impeccable.

"Has he begun to court you yet?"

The question was neutral, and Narcissa could not determine her mother's feelings about the subject one way or the other, so she decided to answer honestly. Being honest with her mother had always been the best course of action in the past, as she never had anything to hide.

"Yes, Mother, but I've ... I've not accepted any of his advances."

A small gleam in her mother's eye indicated the elder woman's approval. "Good. He should know you aren't easy to acquire. Believe me, a man will marry a woman of virtue before he marries a harlot."

"I'm not sure I want him as a husband," Narcissa admitted hesitantly and quickly took another sip of tea.

Mother looked at daughter appraisingly. Slowly, she wiped her fingers on a serviette and motioned subtly to the house-elves that tea had come to an end.

"Narcissa, dear," her mother began in a way that usually indicated some important bit of news was to follow and her undivided attention was required, "your father and I have known the Malfoys for ages, since before you were born. Anatolia and I were expecting at the same time, and when we found out she was having a boy and I was expecting another girl ... Well, arrangements were made."

Narcissa felt grateful the tea service had been removed or she might have upset all her mother's best china, so forceful was her reaction to the news. She struggled to regain her composure, and her mother tactfully acted as though nothing was amiss and simply continued.

"Essentially, you've been promised to Lucius Malfoy since before the two of you were born. We've never spoken of it because ... Well, with Anatolia dying in childbirth, all the joy in that house seemed to just pass along with her, and it wasn't proper to speak of it. And poor Abraxas. He never was the same. Whatever the case, the Malfoy name is prestigious, and it would be an honour to be a part of that family," Druella clarified. "It would behoove you to accept his courtship."

"But, Mother ..." Narcissa hesitated, took a deep breath, and calmly rearranged her thoughts to be more respectful. "Mother. In the past you have told me that boys only want one thing. Am I supposed to give myself to Lucius Malfoy, ignoring all you have taught me, just because we are ... betrothed?" That last word was rather difficult to get out.

"Not at all!" her mother replied, aghast. "Quite the contrary. He is to get *nothing* before you two are officially bound. No daughter of mine is going to..."

Druella Black coughed lightly into the back of her hand, and a house-elf appeared nearly instantly with a small shot glass of amber liquid, from which she took a minute sip and placed upon the table at her side with a shaking hand. Being in her seventh year, and old enough to have caught enough family gossip through her older sisters, Narcissa knew that her mother's aborted declaration was not aimed towards herself. It was a non sequitur, for in fact a daughter of hers already *had*.

"You needn't worry about me, Mother," Narcissa uttered quietly as her mother calmed her nerves with another sip. "I shall not disappoint you."

It was the balm to her mother's soul, for Druella Black smiled faintly at Narcissa and said, "You always were my favourite daughter, Cissy dear."

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Narcissa crumpled the note and photo into her robe pocket. Yet another daily report from Andromeda on her honeymoon had fallen from the claws of a rather haggard looking brown owl. *Andy and Teddy wave greetings from Rome!* It read just as enthusiastically as the couple waving and...*yuck*...snogging. As if she cared. Andromeda had married a Mudblood and had essentially got herself disowned by the Black family, yet she still carried on correspondence with her little sister as though nothing was wrong.

And snogging him! Granted, they were married now...though by Muggle tradition. There had been no wizard binding, no magical oaths taken, so according to the Ministry, they were unwed. It made Narcissa feel sick to her stomach to see her own flesh and blood cavorting around in such an unseemly fashion. What would mother say? Exactly why she was going to incinerate this photo just like she had every other photo and letter she had received from Andromeda since she eloped with Ted Tonks...it would probably kill her.

The aftermath of Potions class found Narcissa uncharacteristically conversing with a couple of housemates, discussing the upcoming exam and the potential for a study group that evening in the common room. Rather ungracefully, she shuffled the load of books in her arms, and suddenly, the other girls' demeanours shifted and they were excusing themselves with promises of speaking later. Narcissa looked around in confusion to find Lucius standing behind her, holding her most favourite quill.

"I believe you dropped this," he said slowly, drawing out each syllable as though he had all the time in the world and no place to be but with her.

She wasn't about to fall for it, however, that smooth voice, that charming grin. He could use it on the other girls, but she wasn't a harlot. She wasn't about to let him ruin her reputation with that easygoing drawl that had the other females in Slytherin House...and a few in Gryffindor and Ravenclaw as well, come to think of it...swooning at his feet.

"Thank you, Lucius," she answered primly and arranged her belongings more firmly in her hands.

"Here, let me carry those for you. I believe you were off to the library?"

His rhetorical question left her feeling indignant that he knew her schedule, but a little voice in the back of her mind...one that sounded incredibly like her mother...encouraged her to take him up on the offer. Her arms were a little fatigued from holding all those books, and ... well, it didn't look very ladylike to be struggling with a load of schoolwork. She handed the organised stack of books and parchments to Lucius and remembered to offer a small smile of gratitude in thanks.

They walked side by side for a few moments before Narcissa remembered her manners and spoke. "I heard that your father was ill, Lucius. I'm sorry. I hope he feels better soon."

"Thank you," Lucius replied softly as though propriety were dictating his answer and demeanour. "The Healers, however, have told me his demise is imminent."

Narcissa stopped in her tracks, utterly shocked. She wasn't sure if it was the news that shocked her or his detachment. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Lucius, I'm so dreadfully sorry. Please let me know if I or my family can do anything..."

Lucius stopped her with a raised hand, a tilt of his head, and a smile large enough to warm her heart yet small enough not to be attributed to mirth. "There's no need," he stated simply. "Everything has been taken care of already."

"But it must be simply awful, losing your father like this ... especially after your mother ..." She stopped, eyes wide, certain she had committed some sort of social faux pas, and she apologised with her next breath.

"Don't be sorry," he said, taking a step closer, creating a more intimate atmosphere as though not even the walls should be privy to what he was about to say. "To tell you the truth, Abraxas was never much of a father. Benevolence was never one of his attributes. He will not be missed by many, I among them."

She wasn't sure what to think. How anyone could say something like that about a parent, she had no idea. Obviously, his upbringing differed greatly from her own. Perhaps if he had had his mother's influence, his childhood would have been different, he would feel the loss of his father more acutely ...

"Please, don't feel pity for me. I don't," he breathed, easing her mind. He took her chin between two of his long fingers and tilted her worried face until she was looking into his eyes. "There are too many things to look forward to in the future to be dwelling upon the past."

She nearly became mesmerised by his gaze, could feel how he seemed to draw closer to her, shutting out the rest of the world. The promise of a happier future blossomed in his eyes, and she believed it, and she believed she could be a part of it ... It was when he drew her in so close that her body began to feel the pull, that little tug deep inside that made her *want* to get closer to him, that she seemed to awaken and broke their eye contact.

"I...I think I should be getting to the library now," she whispered, and like the gentleman she expected him to be, he let her move away from him and they continued walking.

The walk was relatively short...they needed only to ascend a flight of stairs and walk down one hallway...but it felt like an eternity. An eternity in which she castigated herself for getting lured into a trap, for nearly kissing him, for letting her guard down, for not realising he was a 'boy' and the only thing boys want is to get inside a girl's knickers. Or so she had been told by her mother, repeatedly. And she was *not* going to disappoint her mother.

She afforded Lucius a demure smile and thanked him when they reached the library, and after he placed her books on the table of her choice, he bowed his head and left her to her studies. There were a few students scattered throughout the room, none of whom she took note of since her thoughts still were stuck firmly on Lucius Malfoy. It wasn't until she had risen to search for a book that she heard murmuring and giggling from the other side of the shelves.

*"Did you notice how formal he was?" one girl whispered through her giggles.*

*"Well, wouldn't you be if you were courting old stuck-up Narcissa Black? It must be like courting a block of ice. He's probably afraid of getting frostbite," another replied.*

*"Too bad. I can just imagine what it would be like having Lucius Malfoy court me. I mean, what I would give to feel those hands all over my body ... And believe me, there would be no danger of getting frostbite."*

Narcissa quickly took her book and returned to her seat, face flushed with overheard conversation. Overheard conversation about *her*, no less. Her *and* Lucius. And did you hear what that one girl thought about Lucius? Never mind Lucius, what they thought about *her*! She wasn't stuck-up. She was ... she was ... well, she was proper and did things the right way and never gave her parents any reason to doubt her honesty or her virtue and ...

Come to think of it, she was kind of stuck-up, wasn't she? Feeling a little deflated, she pushed her books and papers aside and stared blankly at the table. It was all right to be proper in class, definitely all right to be proper amongst those of lesser blood, certainly it was expected of her to be proper as an example to her housemates ... but to her future husband? Was this how she wanted life in their home to be? Always proper, never letting down her guard, apologising continuously for speaking her mind in a less-than-careful manner? No, it wasn't.

Silently and determinedly, she gathered her parchments, books, and quills, sent the book she had just removed from the shelves back with a motion of her wand, and left the library with one thought in her mind: she needed to find Lucius.

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Still having a bit of time before lunch, she decided to stop back in Slytherin House to drop off her books before looking for Lucius. As she entered the common room, she saw that it was deserted. That wasn't unusual for this time of day, of course, but it did allow her to begin a list of where Lucius was *not*. Sitting her books down on an end table, she turned around to leave when she heard a quiet but familiar cough behind her.

Turning around, she realised that someone was indeed in the common room but tucked away inconspicuously in one of the large chairs in the corner. She hesitated, then walked purposefully towards the chair in which Lucius was sitting. When she approached, he appeared to be surprised to see her, which was a silly and obvious act since he had basically announced his presence.

"Don't act surprised, Mr Malfoy," she said haughtily. "You knew I was here."

He inclined his head in greeting, or acceptance of her accusation, she knew not which. "Since when am I Mr Malfoy to you?" he asked politely, standing as was proper when greeting a lady.

"Since ... since ... oh, I don't know when," she replied exasperatedly.

"Were you not looking for me then?" he asked.

"Yes. But..." Realising she had just admitted to something she hadn't wanted to...a chance meeting would have been more advantageous or at least the pretense of one...she began again in a more subdued manner. "In fact, I was. You and I, we need to talk..."

She would have continued save for the fact he was grinning at her and it was unnerving.

"What are you smiling at?" she demanded.

"You," Lucius answered simply. "I've got you all flustered, and it rather becomes you."

"You do not have me flustered, Mr...Lucius," she corrected herself. She was trying to be less proper...less stuck-up...around him. "I...well ..." She didn't know what to say, couldn't even remember why she was looking for him in the first place.

He closed the distance between them, standing so close she could feel his breath in her hair. Her head tilted backward of its own accord, and she looked into his eyes, eyes that seemed to be sky-blue no longer, as they normally were, but a blue found only in the fathomless depths of the ocean.

"What did you want to talk about?" he whispered, his mouth hovering above her ear now.

"I wanted to say ...," it was so hard to think with him that close, "... that perhaps if you intended on courting me ..."

"Mm-hmmmm ..." The tip of his nose traced the outline of her jaw, and he inhaled the scent she always daintily placed at the dip in her throat.

She continued, though incapable of holding her voice steady any longer, "That we ...," his lips whispered over the tender skin just beneath her jaw, "... we should be ...," and ghosted their way upwards to her other ear, "... perhaps less ... formal ... with each other."

There. She had finally said it. Though her legs had now most certainly transformed into jelly for she felt as though she could no longer stand. When his arm wrapped around her waist, she took advantage and thankfully let him support her even though little alarm bells were ringing and her mother's voice could be heard in the background lecturing about 'the only thing boys want'.

At her ear, his lips formed the words, "I agree," before his tongue delicately discovered what prim-and-proper tasted like and caused such a reaction in her body that 'prim-and-proper' could no longer be used to describe her. Her hands grasped his broad shoulders as he left a trail of kisses and finally found her lips ... lips that were as of yet undiscovered and suddenly wanted more than anything to be explored.

He hesitated right before their mouths met, exchanging breath...one in, the other out in rapid succession...and without another word, he claimed her mouth as his, and she gave in to him. Willingly. Druella Black be damned.

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